

# CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE

## AND UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY.

VOL. 3.

"WE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—JESUS CHRIST.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### JAMES MORLAND—THE COTTAGER.

"Never saw I the righteous forsaken." *Psalms.*

The cottage of James Morland was the prettiest in one of the most romantic villages of the county of Devon, England. Its site had been well chosen, for it commanded an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, and yet had the shelter of the neighboring hills to protect it from the inclemency of the less gentle winds. It stood sufficiently distant from the village to lose all its bustle, but was near enough to participate in all its conveniences. A little bye-path led past its door to the parish church; and on the Sabbath, the villagers would pause on their way, to admire the neatness of the dwelling, or to inhale the fragrance of the sweet flowers that blossomed with every season, in the well-cultivated and well-weeded garden, or to greet the neighbor as he went forth to worship, with his wife and his five children—so many models of what an English yeoman and his family should be.

The cottage had been in the possession of James Morland and his ancestors for upwards of a century. They never had held a higher, but never a lower station than that of small farmers; and their means had always been equal to their necessities, or their wishes.—James' father however, though an honest, was not a frugal man; he had lost his partner early in life, and he had neglected his opportunities of providing against a "rainy season." When he died,

"And bequeathed to his son a good name."

He left him scarcely any other inheritance. James had married well—well in the only sense in which the word can be applied to marriage. His wife was one who felt and

enjoyed the blessings of religion, and his children were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Religion always brings contentment, and without contentment there is no happiness. Its effects were manifest, not only in their own characters and conduct, and in the dispositions and habits of their own family, but in their domestic arrangements, and in their attention to those comforts and humble elegancies which made their home as attractive as it was substantially valued. James had never any temptation to leave it, because he could do where have found so much enjoyment as in his own house; where his cheerful Mary and smiling little ones, recompensed his labor when done, or lighted, by their influence, his daily toil.

The ways of Providence are often most mysterious; but to the eye of faith, there is always some convincing evidence, that when the virtuous are afflicted, their trials are sent to prove and not to crush; that their strength may be seen in trouble, and that their excellence in adversity may be like the perfume of bruised flowers—more powerful in its effects, and more extensively useful.—Mary Morland had given birth to a sixth child; but her severe and dangerous illness had for several weeks prevented her husband from attending to his work. She had scarcely recovered when their cow died, and two of their sheep were stolen. These misfortunes obliged James for the first time in his life to be in arrears with his rent. He hoped, however, to be ready with it after harvest; but in consequence of his wife's confinement, his crop was very late, and the wet season had commenced before it was gathered in. Other difficulties came upon him, and he saw no possibility of discharging the debt, for which his landlord's agent, a cold-hearted man, had become very pressing. James was too upright in principle to promise payment within a short period; for he knew that many prosperous months alone could enable him to recover the ground he had lost. A distress was therefore levied on his house and land; and James Morland and his family were driven from the ancient dwelling of their forefathers, with no other possession than their honest hearts, and a humble dependance on Him, who they knew clothed the fair flowers of the beautiful garden, and provided homes for the little chirping sparrows that nestled in the thatch of the cottage from which they were exiled.

The whole family had passed the threshold, and had lingered for some minutes in the garden. The wife had given her infant

to the care of her eldest boy, and was gazing through the half open lattice, into the late cheerful and happy parlour. The tears had gathered in her eyes, as she trained up and fastened a branch of the honeysuckle that had given way, and plucked one of its many blossoms, on which she looked earnestly, as if bidding farewell to the beautiful tree she had so long watched and cherished. The mournful group of children gathered round her, and endeavored to attract her attention by asking questions as to which of their flowers they should carry with them. The poor afflicted mother turned around—she could contain herself no longer;—but clasping each by turn to her bosom, she wept bitterly as she bade "God bless them." The husband, full of bustle and apparent carelessness, had entered his cottage, to see that nothing had been left behind; but when he returned it was evident that its bare walls and desolate appearance had weighed heavily upon him. He looked on his wife, suppressed a heart-sob, and exclaimed, "Come, my Mary, take up your child, and God will guide us to some other resting place." The family passed through the little gate of their garden, again turned to gaze on their once happy home, and went their way.

Their dog had been a spectator of the scene, and he seemed perfectly conscious of the sorrow that had fallen on his master's house, as he ran from one member of it to another, whined and wagged his tail, to each, and then lay down in a further part of the garden, gazing wistfully on the group. He had marked the last of the children pass through the gate, and then he walked leisurely out; but when he had gone a few steps, he returned, looked through the hedge, howled a piteous adieu, and scampered after his old friends.

James Morland was known throughout the county to be an upright and honest man; and he soon found the advantages of a "good report," in a season of adversity; which, to use the emphatic words of the proverb—"tries friends," while it rouses into action those energies of the mind, that, in success, might have slept unawakened. The worth of the vessel is not broken in calms. Its value and its strength are only proved by buffeting the tempest.

James was not deserted by his neighbors, nor was he forsaken by that friend, who hath promised rest to all that labor and are heavy laden, and who call on Him for aid. He was in poverty, but still his dependance on God continued firm as in better days. Every morning and evening his family met at

prayers, as they had always; every Sunday saw them at church as neatly, though not so well dressed as on more prosperous Sabbaths; their humble dwelling was as cheerful and as happy as it had formerly been, and within it they soon wore smiling faces and contented hearts.—James had now to begin the world again; and his course was one of such prosperity, as to make his success a sort of proverb among his neighbors; while it reminded them, that “virtue hath the promise of this life, as well as of that to come.” Misfortune and sorrow are, with the good, but transient visitors; it is only with the unrighteous that they take up their abode. The blessings of one year were followed by the blessings of another; and, by industry and economy, James Morland was, in the course of comparatively a short period, a wealthier man than he had been in the revered habitations of his forefathers, and the home of his happiest associations. About seven years after he was driven forth in poverty, and (as far as its worldly interpretation goes) in despair, a variety of circumstances had occurred, to which we need allude no farther than to observe, that they led to the sale of a small estate on which this very cottage stood; James Morland was its purchaser, and his family continue to inherit it to this day—their situation higher in life, but their humiliation and their virtuous character the same.

The scene of the return of this good and happy family to the home of their childhood, was one that never will be forgotten by the individual who was fortunate enough to witness both that and their expulsion.

It was the evening of a calm day in Spring, when they stopped at the gate. The younger children entered hastily, running to criticize the alterations that had been made, and to form plans of improvement in their garden. But the mother paused for a moment, and with a tear of pleasure in her eye, looked over the hedge, and contemplated the fair objects around her with a feeling that none could understand but those who knew the circumstances connected with her history. After gazing for a short time, she turned her look towards Heaven, clasped her hands, and wept in gratitude and joy. She had wept when she quitted the spot, and she now wept on returning to it—she had been resigned, and she was now thankful; but from how different a source did those tears proceed!—she had then faith in the promise that she would not be forsaken, and she now had seen that promise fulfilled.

Her husband had been busy unloading his car; but he had frequently interrupted her by asking if the boney suckle was yet in bloom?—if his favourite rose tree still lived?—if the lillies had their blossoms? or some question of equal interest to him who asked, as to her who was questioned.

Their dog must not be forgotten—their old dog, who shared their adversity, and who

participated in their happiness. He marched with a slow and stately pace through each walk of the remembered garden, as if he recognized an acquaintance in every shrub and flower; then went and capered round his master, and then went and laid panting at the cottage door.

In a few minutes the whole family were seated in their parlour to which an air of comfort had already been given. A prayer was said and a hymn was sung, and they took possession of their dwelling.—*The Amulet.*

#### UNFORTUNATE DISASTER, ON A WEDDING DAY.

A young gentleman, who a few years since, lived in London, who had made his addresses to an agreeable young lady, and won her heart; also obtained the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old gentleman had a fancy to have them married at the same parish church, where he himself was, at a village in Westmoreland, and they accordingly set out, he being at the time indisposed with the gout at London.

The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid; and they had a most agreeable journey to the place appointed; from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his wife's father:

“Sir,

“After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour, in which I am to be your son. I assure you, the bride carries it in the eye of the vicar, who married you, much beyond her mother; though, he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in.—However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it merry before night; because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful son,

T. D.—

P. S. The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.”

The villagers were assembled about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's servant knew his master would leave the place very soon after the wedding was over, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took an opportunity of going into his chamber and charged them again.

Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room, and after a little fond ratiocination on the subject of their courtship, the bridegroom took up one of the pistols, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presented it to her, and said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery—Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me: consider, before you die,

how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair.

Give fire, said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. Will, said he, did you charge these pistols? He answered, yes: upon which his master shot him dead with that remaining.

After, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he wrote the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

Sir,

I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me: I have murdered him for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to the grave. But before I throw myself upon my sword I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man! remember, that he who killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death I give you thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not pray for myself. If it be possible do not curse me.

Farewell for ever.

T. D.

This being finished, he put an end to his life; and afterwards the body of the servant was interred in the village where he was killed, and the young couple, attended by the maid, were brought to London, and privately interred in one grave, in the parish where the unhappy father resided.

When Gen. Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to set down on a log. It was not long before he was desired to move, and in a few minutes to proceed, and the request was repeated, till he found himself at the end of the log. The request was then renewed; to which he made answer he could move no farther. “Just so it is with us,” answered the tawney chief, “you have moved us back to the sea, and now ask us to go further.”

A Captain of a vessel, who professed himself a Quaker, being insulted by one of his crew, said, friend, I will not strike thee, nor kick thee; but, (holding a handspike over his head) I will let this billet of wood fall on thee; and let the handspike fall on his head, which knocked him in the scuppers. Now, friend, if thou art not content, and go unto thy duty, peradventure the billet will fall again.



## ON ASSOCIATES AND FRIENDS.

By kindness, frankness, and forbearance, a mother can obtain the confidence of her children, and gradually and imperceptibly become the trusted friend. Had girls no other, from fourteen to twenty, the fate of many of them would wear a more smiling aspect; than it too often does, when youthful confidants share the heart and fancy. Intimates and social companions may be selected for them, in as great a number as the mother can judiciously encourage. Perhaps, by having numerous associates, the risk of forming a sickly sentimental friendship is avoided. Mystery and secrecy cannot subsist among numbers, and mysteries and secrecy are the corner stones of sentimental connexions. By enlarged communion, more liberal feelings are induced, and the glow of affection, so natural and so delightful in youth, runs no hazard of being chilled by being diffused. Surely the more we mingle with our fellow-creatures, the more warm and kindly are our feelings. The system of confidential letter-writing is perhaps, the most pernicious indulgence which a young lady can allow herself with a friend of her own age. The length and frequency of these epistles form their principal charm and their chief merit. They are not written because there is something to be said, but some thing must be said because they are to be written. In youth the imagination is the most busy of our faculties; and furnishes the principal supply for these missives. Girls of ordinary character fill the page with idle gossipings; as life seldom yields sufficient variety of anecdote and character for these indiscriminating observers, fancy is called in aid, and facts are mingled with fictions, 'after what flourish their nature will.' Hence the mischief of false representation and petty scandal are propagated and prolonged; and the mind tainted in its prime, loses its delicate distinction of truth and falsehood.

With girls of superior talent the imagination is equally hurtful, though in a different way; for these, soaring above the incidents and personages of real life, indulge themselves in the hyperbole of romance, the refinements, and the wild and deluding visions of irrational hope. With such as these every thing is exquisite or detestable, loved or hated, lauded to the skies or trampled to the earth; a medium is unknown for the very word moderation is expunged from their vocabulary. The mischiefs arising from such mental dereliction can be easily imagined, though not easily calculated; rather than risk so fearful a hazard, a young lady had never better write a letter during her minority. To think a little wildly and fantastically is natural to youth but as thoughts perish, the evil is, as a summer cloud, slight and fugitive. But when these idle fancies are committed to paper, a sort of permanency is given so them and a feeling

of pride is generated on re-perusing the high sounding period; added to which, thoughts are brief and changeable; a vision of fancy may be succeeded by a reflection of good sense; by writing the fugitive fancies are fixed and dilated, and pursued, so that out of one passing folly, many branch forth; truth and common sense are put aside; and the taste for romance is cherished, and the distaste for reason is augmented."—*Mrs. Knight.*

## A FINE WOMAN.

It is pleasant to observe how differently modern writers and the inspired author of the book of Proverbs describe a fine woman.—The former confine their praise chiefly to personal charms and ornamental accomplishments while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family, and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other opens her mouth with wisdom and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom. The business of the one is pleasure; the pleasure of the other business. The one is admired abroad, the other at home. Her children rise up and call her blessed, and her husband also praiseth her. There is no name in the world equal to this, nor is there a note in music half so delightful as the respectful language with which the grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

## Curious thoughts on Matrimony, by a Sailor.

When a couple of fond, faithful lovers, launched by Hymen, sail through life prepared for all kinds of weather; when in every shifting part of the changeable year, they guide their vessels by the rudder of reason, when they carefully avoid the rocks of imprudence, and run no risks by a prohibited commerce; when they perfectly understand each other's trim, and never make false signals, nor hang out false colors; when they can tell to a hair when to traverse or tack; to advance and to retreat; to preserve themselves steadily, tho' Syrens attempt to seduce, by well balasted heads, and secure their hearts against the topgallant delights of the age, which never fail to engage the fresh water fry: when they keep their rebellious passions under the hatches that they may not make a frightful explosion and give a shock to the pillar of conjugal happiness; when they, in every dispute, on the stern of the head, are never ill mannered, though they are sometimes tenacious of their respective opinions; but by skillfully watching the turn of the tide, conduct their bark safely through the straits of contention; when they know, at all times, how to regulate their behaviour; to give a broadside, or to return a salute; when they cautiously avoid the shoals of

ambition; by which first rates and frigates are frequently demollished; when they cut their cables on being drawn into gaming, and scud away with all their sails spread, from the gulph of ruin, in which thousands and ten thousands are tumbled, lost, and totally destroyed. We may venture to say of this pair, that they make a very good conjugal voyage through life, and stand a fair chance to die in the harbour of felicity.

## On the Loveliness of Women.

It is not the smiles of a pretty face, nor the tint of thy complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of thy person, nor yet the costly robes and decorations that compose thy artificial beauty: No, nor that enchanting glance which thou dartest with such lustre on the man thou deignest worthy of thy affection.—It is thy pleasing deportment, thy chaste conversation, thy sensibility, and the purity of thy thoughts, thy affable and open disposition, sympathizing with those in adversity, comforting the afflicted, relieving the distressed, and above all, that humility of soul, that unfeigned and perfect regard of the precepts of Christianity. These virtues constitute thy LOVELINESS. Adorned with but those of nature and simplicity, they will shine like the refulgent sun, and display to man that the loveliness of thy person is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of the body, but in the reflection of the rectitude and serenity of a well spent life, that soars above the transient vanities of this world. And when thy days are ended here upon earth, thy happy spirit shall wait itself to the regions of eternal bliss.

**SYMMETRY.**—The father of the celebrated Paul Jones was gardener to Lord Selkirk, and amongst other peculiarities, was remarkable for his great fondness of what is called symmetry. Thus if he planted a shrub in one part of the garden, he would set another in a corresponding situation for symmetry. At the end of the lawn were two summer houses exactly alike. One day his Lordship walking in this place, saw a boy's head peeping out of each. Ha, Mr. Jones (said he,) who is that boy locked up there in the summer house? "Please your lordship, it is a young rogue that I caught stealing in the orchard, and I've locked him up till your Lordship came." But (said his Lordship) I see your son's head in the other summer house—he has not been stealing surely? "O no my Lord, I only put him there for symmetry."

**TALE-BEARING.**—It is the custom in Turkey by way of reproach, to black the front of those houses whose inhabitants are notorious for tale-bearing, propagating falsehoods, &c.—If that were the case with us, what a dismal figure some of our houses would make.

## A MURDERER DISCOVERED.

A man was once taken up on suspicion of murder, but when brought to the bar, the evidence appeared not strong enough to convict him. He behaved with great apparent boldness, for he knew there were no witnesses to the fact; and he had also taken all necessary caution to prevent a discovery. But the Judge observed in the man's countenance, a terror and confusion, which his pretended boldness could not hide, and therefore kept his eye steadily fixed on him the whole time. As soon as the last witness was dismissed, the man asked if they had any more evidence against him, when the Judge, looking sternly at him, asked him if he did not himself know of one more that could appear against him, whose presence would put the matter out of doubt? On which the man started, and cried out: "My Lord, he is not a legal witness! no man can speak in his own cause; nor was the wound I gave him half so large as what he shews against me!" The Judge presently perceived by the man's starting, and the wildness and terror of his look, that he either saw the ghost of the murdered man, or that his imagination had from his guilty conscience, formed such an appearance; and, therefore, making the proper answers from such a supposition, he soon brought the murderer to confess the fact; for which he was condemned and hanged in chains, at the place where he declared the murder had been committed. At his death he averred, that the ghost of the murdered person had appeared before his eyes at the trial.

A worthy clergyman was once in company with a set of gentlemen of good understanding, but who were apt to take great liberty in conversation: one of the company in particular made very free with repeated oaths, calling to God to witness the most insignificant assertions. The good divine, though greatly offended, heard it in silence, but took occasion, every time the other mentioned the name of God, to bow his head with great devotion. This at last drew the attention of the gentleman who gave the offence. "Sir, says he, I observe you frequently bowing; what do you mean by it?" "You shall know, sir, replied the clergyman. I have long used myself never to hear the sacred name of God mentioned without paying the awful respect to it which you have given me such frequent opportunities of practising." The gentleman was so struck with this noble and delicate hint, that he immediately acknowledged he felt it convincingly, and promised to keep a stricter guard upon his tongue in future.

TRUTH is not only a man's ornament, but his instrument; it is the great man's glory, and poor man's stock: A man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his

letters of credit. All men must acknowledge lying to be one of the most scandalous sins that can be committed between man and man; a crime of a deep dye, and of an extensive nature; leading into innumerable sins; for it is practised to deceive, injure, betray, rob, steal, destroy, and the like: Lying in this sense, is the concealing of all other crimes; the sheep's clothing upon the wolf's back; the pharisee's prayer; the harlot's blush; the hypocrite's paint; the murderer's smile; the thief's cloak; and the Judas' kiss; in a word, it is mankind's darling sin, and the devil's distinguished characteristic.

Lying is a sin destructive to society; for there is no trade where there is no truth; and yet this cursed trade of lying creeps into all trades, as if there was no living without it: But sure it is, we had better be losers than liars, for he sells a dear bargain indeed that sells his conscience with his commodity.

## CONDITION OF CALVINISTIC REPROBATES.

According to Calvinism, mankind are born into the world, with natures totally corrupt and wicked. Yet they say, God calls upon these totally wicked creatures to love and obey him perfectly, and condemns them to endless misery for their evil nature and wicked thoughts.—Yet God only can change their evil natures by the almighty power of his spirit. What shall a sinner do to help himself in this situation? God has a right to command, say they, though the creature has no heart to obey. And why has he no heart to obey? His Maker brought him into the world with a heart totally opposed to God and his duty. Will God help him out of this state? He will help some, says the Calvinist, but not all. Is there no chance for their salvation? If they will make themselves new hearts, or take God's work out of his hands and create their nature anew, and repent truly, and believe, sincerely, they shall be saved. Will any do this? No. Why? Because they have no heart thus to do. Will God help them, if they ask him? Yes, if they ask in faith. Can they ask in faith before they have faith given them? No. Will God hear their prayers for faith, if they ask as well as their totally wicked hearts will let them? God is under no obligation to hear and help a total enemy. What shall the poor child of total depravity do? He finds himself in existence. He had no hand nor choice in coming here. He is told that God hates him, and that he naturally hates God. He fears the wrath of this hating God. He turns every way for help. But no arm can save, no eye can pity. God has made no promises to the unregenerate person's prayers. He cries day and night to God for mercy. But God neither regards with pity, nor speaks a word of comfort. He reads and prays, and

groans and sighs, day after day, and night after night; weeks and months and years. He finally sinks in despair. He sees no compassion in God, God is a God of vengeance to him. He cannot help himself. And God will not help him. His earthly friends may pity and pray for him. But if God has no love to the poor totally depraved sinner he has made, no prayers of earthly friends will prevail.—Such must be the state of the totally depraved reprobate. Such must be the state of all others except God change their hearts according to Calvinism. Hence all may as well be easy as distressed. Universalism, if an error, is better than Calvinism if true.—*U. Mag.*

THE reason why some women do not wish to admire St. Paul's writings, I suppose, are these. His being, as is usually thought, a bachelor, his advising people not to marry in troublous times; his commanding wives to submit to their husbands; his not allowing women to speak in public; his unwillingness that they should broider their hair or wear trinkets; his charging the fall on Eve, his disregard of old wife's fables. And his saying that young widows became tattlers and busy bodies.

Two lawyers one day in riding as they came up with a clergyman, says one of them to his fellow traveller, "we'll crack a joke upon the priest. Pleased with the idea of their sport, they rode up, one on either side. After mutual salutations, one of them says, "how happens it daddy, that gentlemen of your cloth, make such egregious blunders in the pulpit? I heard one not long since, when he wished to say, Oh King of Bashan, say, Hog King of Bacon." "Oh," replied the divine, "we are men of like infirmities with the rest of our fellow creatures;—I lately, when I should have said, the devil is the father of liars—said the devil is the father of lawyers." "Ah!" replied the other, "which are you, a knave or a fool?" "I believe gentlemen," he replied, "I am between both."

A MAN must beware of straining piety to a pitch he cannot maintain throughout; 'tis like beginning a tune too high: he must take it a note or two lower, or give disgust before he comes to the end of it by downright squeaking.

DELINEATION OF RELIGION.—It possesses and animates the entire man. In the understanding it is knowledge; in the life it is obedience; in the affections charity; in our conversation it is modesty, calmness, gentleness, quietness, candour; in our secular concerns it is uprightness, integrity, generosity. It is the regulation of our desires, the government of our passions, the harmonious union of whatever is of good report, virtuous and praiseworthy. It is a partaking of



the divine nature; a conformity to the image of God's Son; a putting on of the Lord Jesus Christ, or in the still more expressive language of the apostle, it is Christ formed within us.

### PROVIDENCE,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1827.

"Earnestly contend for the faith."

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

### MOVEMENTS OF ORTHODOXY.

MR. EDITOR,

In the part of the country where I reside, the promoters of Sunday, or Sabbath Schools as they are here called, are not backward in avowing their object. Our minister, in a sermon, a few weeks since urged the necessity of greater exertions. He spoke of making an impression—of teaching them the value of the soul, &c. and argued the benefit that would result. Addressing himself to the teachers, he said, "can you not tell them there is a God, there is a heaven—there is a HELL." And in concluding, recommended to the teachers to meet for special prayer and conversation with their scholars.

But of all the schemes for forestalling the opinion of the rising generation and initiating them into the goring System, the Juvenile Missionary Association bears the palm. A Society of this kind was formed here a few months since, by Mr. Stone, Missionary to the East, and means are taken to get all the children to join it, and give all the money they can get, long before they are capable of writing their own names, or knowing for what they are associated. This Society contains one child or more "at the breast;" and another who was employed to get subscribers, could not tell the meaning of the word missionary. Thus are they engaged in support of the aspiring clergy, and their assent to all the dogmas of modern orthodoxy succeed, from which it will be heresy for them ever to dissent. Popularity and prejudice will be used to bind them to their interest through life. The person who now dares oppose their schemes, is sure to expose himself to their malediction. Besides a Bible Society, (against which I would not be understood to speak,) Tract Society, Education Society, Benevolent Society, and how many more I cannot tell, I say, besides all these, such is the extent of their present measures, that every person from the cradle to the grave, is called on individually by those appointed beggars, and importuned to give their money to support missionaries. The inhabitants are divided into small sections called Districts, and a male or female collection appointed for each, who call on every individual yearly and appear as much to expect their money as does the collector of public taxes.

With all those schemes in operation, together with "concert" and other contributions. I had supposed their promoters would have rested satisfied, or otherwise, I could devise no other measure which would be resorted to for sponging our citizens of their effects. But in this it appears I was entirely mistaken. We were visited last Sunday by Mr. Bush, joint agent, he said, for two Missionary Societies, in whose behalf he solicited money. Not satisfied with the extent of former measures and the sums regularly obtained, it seems our whole substance is now required. Yes, literally, the whole, not half, as urged by the National Preacher, but the utmost extent of our ability to give. I could easily show, did opportunity permit, that this is a just inference from his premises and reasoning, but he did not require it all to be handed over to him now; he only wished to introduce it to our favourable notice, to be accomplished hereafter by the instrumentality of our minister. He would however receive, \$50 down, if any persons felt it to be their duty to give that sum individually, before the formation of a society, to receive which he would wait a few days in the neighbourhood. "Grant me patience." If this is the introduction, what is to be the conclusion?

Mr. Bush is a man of considerable ability, of an engaging address, and by speaking extemporaneously, and being completely master of his subject, he engaged much attention. He is by far the most eloquent beggar for missionary funds, which I recollect to have heard; much superior to Mr. Stone above mentioned, who addressed us on this subject not three months since. The picture which Mr. B. drew of the western states to incite us to engage in his schemes, I think would not be relished altogether by our western friends. He represented them as becoming "civilized heathens," "growing up in ignorance and vice," "poor," "unable to build places of worship, or support the gospel." That when their numbers should exceed those of the eastern section of the Union, which he represented would soon be the case, the tide of emigration exceeding 100 per day at some seasons of the year, they would, if we did not secure their moral influence, roll back a torrent of irreligion to overwhelm our institutions, and even the government itself.

I certainly deprecate the increase of ignorance inseparable from the settlement of a new country, and any vice or irreligion that may follow; but I do not believe it to be one half so deplorable as he represented it, and I trust our western brethren are not wholly neglecting the means of improving their condition. And I am far from believing that modern orthodoxy is the remedy to be applied with success. The late movements of the clergy in New-England forbid it. Instance the refusal of the Portland Ministers to read the Governor's Procla-

mation, the combination of Ministers at Hartford, and above all, the Election Sermon of Prof. Stewart, which recommends a course of proceeding, that would be very little better than outlawing a large number of our citizens. Do all these things flow from pure benevolence? Or rather are they not sure indications of a thirst for power, and a determination to put down all opposition by force? 'Union is power,' and 'wealth is power,' and are they not aspiring to both of these already? Give them only the ascendancy in the government, and our country would soon witness the horrors of the Inquisition.

AN OBSERVER.

Old Colony, Mass. July 24, 1827.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

### ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF DEITY

"The high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity." How vast—how overpowering the idea, of the great Creator? Of him whose existence is eternity! whose presence is immensity! whose empire is limited only by infinite space! This being is described by the prophet as the high and lofty one, that inhabiteth eternity, to denote that he is exalted above all principalities and powers—that he is sovereign; the Arbiter of the universe; that his monarchy is without limit; that he is God over all—to denote his omnipotence. And says the Psalmist, while contemplating the greatness of the Deity—"Whither shall I go from thy presence, or whither shall I flee from thy spirit? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; and if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall uphold me." In the sun, the moon, and in all the grand furniture of the heavens, high and spacious arch, we behold the presence of God. In the rushing, desolating blast, or in the gently fanning zephyr—in the hoar frost or fleecy snow of winter; or in the gentle showers and dews of midsummer—in the virgin light of the morning, or in the shadows and darkness of night—in the tempest, or in the calm—in the dark, stormy wave of the measureless deep, or in the silvery rill—in the cloud rapt mountains, or in the quiet and shady valley—in the sweet blooming flowers, in every leaf, in each spire of grass, in every sprig of animated, or unanimated matter, we view the presence of the great Divinity. In the varied seasons, for,

"These as they change, Almighty Father, these are but the varied God.

The rolling year is full of thee." &c.

How grand, how sublime, how august the conception of those mighty energies which characterise the great I AM. Of that power which from chaos erected the innumerable suns and systems that sparkle in the abyss of space, that introduced harmony and reg-

larity throughout the boundless retinue of worlds—that spake saying, “let there be light,” and burst it forth from the radiant throne, discovering to the astonished morning stars, the order, beauty and symmetry of the new and fair creation—and that gave to nature her immutable being! How great the power that spake, and it was done; that commanded, and it stood fast—that sustains, upholds and governs all beings and all worlds. How vast the power, whose mighty energies are felt throughout the boundless universe, from the dark caverns of the deep, to the star studded heavens.

How boundless, how incomprehensible the wisdom of God, that so organized the vast machinery of nature, that in the varied revolutions thereof, the different seasons are produced, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater! How great the wisdom that could from the same elements, create such myriads of dissimilar creatures as exist upon the earth and in the sea, with different constitutions and different appetites, and at the same time furnish such a variety of alimentary support, as the circumstances of the being of each require! How wonderful the wisdom, that directs all the operations both of animate and inanimate nature! that makes and governs all things, in the best possible manner—that connects in one great chain the good of all—that observes a due proportion, and preserves a proper equilibrium throughout the whole system of nature.—How vast the wisdom, that so orders all the affairs of the universe, that it can be said with propriety, notwithstanding the reverse may appear to us to be the case, that,

“All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony, not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good.  
In spite of pride and erring reasons spite,  
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.”

How great the wisdom displayed in the structure, constitution, feelings, passions and sympathies of man! in all the faculties of his body and mind! that has made him capable of contemplating the works of creation, and of looking through nature up to nature’s God; of catching a view of his benignity and glory! That has rendered him susceptible of the most sublime happiness, and of paying acceptable homage to his Maker! That has created him with a view to his endless existence, and that can and will consummate its beneficent design!

How astonishing the love, how great the goodness of God, that so richly furnishes man with all the happiness he is capacitated to enjoy—that has placed him amid such a beautiful and agreeable variety—that has given him friends and relatives to assist him in bearing the ills of life, and to partake with him in all his joys. How unspeakably great the mercy and love that was manifested, when man had forgotten his God, in his

affections, and turned aside to the vices and follies of time!

“Mercy with pitying eye beheld our race,  
When sunk in misery, darkness and disgrace;  
Her streaming banner, light and truth unfurled,  
And gave a Saviour to a dying world.”

Life and immortality were brought to light, as the final portion of all mankind! Endless, perfect happiness, the gift of *changeless, uncontaminated, eternal love and goodness*, to a guilty, trembling world!

Surely, O Lord, thou art good, *infinitely good, and doest good*. To all who may read this communication, and to each individual of the human race, I would say, speaking of our heavenly Father—

“His mercy and love  
Created this world in its beauty for thee;  
And for thee has provided a mansion above,  
Where thy soul to its bliss everlasting shall flee.”

Norwich, 1827.

Z. F.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

### THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Many people have an idea, that God is an avengeful being, who punishes his creatures, not for their melioration, but to satisfy, or appease what they choose to call his vindictive wrath. They affirm, that the divine Being will inflict an eternity of torture on those who do wrong in this world, purely of his anger towards them. A sentiment so abhorrent to the breast of every man of humanity, so dishonourable to God himself, deserves seriously to be inquired into. For it is of great moment to all mankind. If it be true, all hope of future happiness is lost to a large portion of our race. If it be false, the sentiment should be immediately discountenanced by all lovers of truth, and benevolent hearts, as tending to mar all social happiness and genuine charity. For the laudable purpose of determining whether it be true, we will primarily notice the arguments adduced in its support.

The upholders of this doctrine generally fail of supporting it by solid argument and true reasoning; but rest it solely on some few passages of scripture, seemingly relating to a future state; but which have been ably and irrefragably shown, by a hearty advocate of Universalism, not rightly to be applied to a world to come. The entering, in this place, into the arguments made use of by him, requires both too much time and space; and will hence be omitted by the writer of this article. I shall yet adduce an argument or two of his, which may be both conclusive and universal. On what argument the espousers of the doctrine of endless misery lay the most stress, is of little moment; they all equally failing to justify their doctrine. They, however, more frequently than any thing else, bring forward the parable of the tares and the wheat, and the sheep and the goats. Their propensity to apply these to a future state of existence,

springs not certainly from any mention in these parables of a world to come, for they say nothing about that, as any man of common sense may for himself see; but it comes from a disposition to agree in opinion with the fathers and elders of their church, who were guilty of laying too much weight on the forms, and ceremonies, and creeds of their own establishing; to the culpable neglect of “doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with their God.” Indeed, there is, certainly, due to our ancestors a certain degree of deference, and this, both in matters of religion, as well as in politics; but it should not, in reason, induce us to blindfold our eyes, and captivate our understandings, so as not to receive truth, when we are in error.

In arguing, therefore, against the doctrine, attempted, by the parables, to be supported, I will here, now bring in, from the “Notes on the Parables,” an argument, directly disproving that doctrine. “To attribute the quality of vindictive wrath, (which is worthy no better name than unmerciful malevolence,) to God, supposes him to possess a worse disposition, and to practice greater cruelty, than the wicked possess or practice, and maintains, that he punishes his children, without designing their reconciliation or profit, and deserves to be rejected with the deepest horror.” Now a man of pure benevolence will consider this the most conclusive of all arguments, to disprove the above mentioned doctrine. And it is for this reason, God, who made heaven, and earth, and all mankind, who is the author of all the best affections, of which humanity can boast, is of too good a character, in his esteem, to possess these degrading and *devilish* dispositions. I, myself, am so convinced, that God is all lovely, and all good, that I would cease to believe the scriptures to be of divine, original, rather than consent to believe thus irreverently of my heavenly Father, even though this sentiment pervaded the entire volume of the Bible. But, thanks to Heaven! not a word occurs in the scriptures derogatory to his divine and lovely character. Him, the sacred penmen portray, in inimitably glowing colours, as a being, who is good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all the works of his hands. And this character accords wonderfully well with that, proclaimed by the voice of nature. Creation promulgates, not one jot less than the Bible, the illimitable love, and power, and wisdom of the Creator. Him, then, I will never attribute any quality to, that would be dishonourable to his nature; much less would I impute to him those attributes belonging to none but the vilest of our kind.

Upon the effects which the belief above disproved, causes on them who give credence to it, I think it right now to bestow a little attention. To believe that the great God possesses a worse disposition than the wickedest of men, is productive, in the first



place, of precisely the same disposition or bent of mind. For it is a natural effect. Tell a man, or a set of men, that God loves not the creatures of his own creation, and what will be the result? Precisely this; they will hate God most cordially, and likewise those who are the objects of God's hatred. For how can it be otherwise? People, it is granted, may hypocritically do homage to God, they may pretend they love him for all his ill qualities; but it is still but hypocrisy; it is still but pretence. No love can exist unless the object be amiable, or such as to produce love. Because it is contrary to the very nature of things. The effect, therefore, of believing in the doctrine of endless misery, is to extinguish, in the heart of all men, the flame of universal benevolence; and to let the cold and icy passions of malice and uncharitableness occupy their stead. It is, in short, to sow the seeds of dissension among mankind, and cause a deplorable state of social infelicity. And, indeed, an example of the bad results issuing out of a belief so base as this, may be seen in not a few of the sects of the christians of late times, who bestow opprobrious epithets on their outcasts, and discard large numbers from their brotherhoods, for incompatibility of opinion.

In meditating on the effects plainly springing out of the doctrine of endless misery, we cannot but come to the determination, that it is as much destructive to genuine morality as it is derogatory to the character of the Almighty. This is not otherwise to be proved, than by appealing to fact. And we plainly perceive what the appalling effects are among those who hold to the doctrine. Excommunications, schisms and differences of opinion are every day heard of, among the espousers and propagators of it. And the pile, and the faggots of Smithfield would again make their terrific appearance, were it so that the doctrine had absolute sway. But we owe a thousand thanks to that God who has given us discerning faculties—has brought us to so enlightened an age, and has diffused so large a portion of unadulterated gospel over the minds of the community! I entertain sanguine expectations of, before long, seeing almost every vestige of illiberal sentiments in religion, vanish from the presence of the purifying tendency of God's impartial grace! Numbers are daily apostatising from their orthodox opinions, and becoming proselytes to God's free grace. And though we now, too often, suffer severe opposition, it is by far less so than formerly. In nearly the whole of our territory, people less readily controvert what is said not agreeable to their own sentiments; and are possessed of a spirit of toleration, not heretofore to be paralleled in our country. The stigma, with which the preachers of Universalism were formerly branded, the people less forwardly bestow upon them; and opprobrious epithets, and abusive language are

not so plentifully sprinkled on them by those who are less solicitous to discover truth than to teach erroneous opinions, upheld by custom and the artifice of orthodoxy.

J. F. M.

**SUBJECTS FOR ILLUSTRATION.**  
We have been requested by several respectable subscribers to give an illustration of the following passages of scripture.—Not having been able, as yet, to attend to their requests, we respectfully invite any persons, so disposed, to forward us their views of the same, which will be cheerfully inserted in our columns.

St. John v. 28 and 29.—Revelation vi. 8.

#### "HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."

Hope has been justly compared to the "anchor of a ship which keeps the vessel steady amidst the tossing of the foaming billows." No language can convey to our minds a better definition of hope than that which is comprised within these lines; for, it is without doubt, the prop on which all our future anticipations in life may be said to rest.—The daily affairs in which man is continually engaged, are so uncertain and unsteady that they resemble, in a great degree, a vessel which is agitated "to and fro," and liable to be overturned by every blast of wind; and as it is preserved firm by the anchor which sustains it, so man's expectations are supported and encouraged by the hopes of future advancement. Human concerns are always doubtful, and we cannot be confident of success in any occupation, as our brightest hopes have been frequently blasted by unforeseen circumstances; but, in some conditions, the prospect which futurity offers to our view, is highly cheering. The indolent man, whose disposition never allows him to aspire to more lofty and important duties, is content to remain in a state of poverty and inactivity.—Idleness which has become habitual to him, renders him unfit to exert his faculties in any usual employment only qualified to associate with the lower classes of society.

How different is it with the industrious, honest citizen! He pursues his daily avocations with the assiduity of one, who is determined to rise superior to all the stings of poverty. If he has been so unfortunate as to be deprived of the products which his diligence and industry had acquired, he has yet some secret incitement which stirs him on to new endeavors, and inspires in his breast a consolatory hope.

Without the bright visions of hope, how unable should we be to contend against the hardships which beset us on all sides! In the darkest hour of adversity we are still animated by the faint glimmerings of hope: "it guides us through, nor quits us when we die." But it is inconsistent to indulge this passion to too great an extent, and it is

very necessary to be moderate in our hopes, since when they are too sanguine and unreasonable, we must expect disappointments. It is impossible to pass through life without encountering misfortunes and afflictions; but, in the various duties which religion and morality inculcate, we shall always be consoled and supported by the smiles of hope, which will assure us of respect and esteem from our fellow-men, and, while it soothes the rugged paths of this life, will open to our view the endless joys of a happy eternity.

*Philadelphia Evening Post.*

#### POETRY.

*From the Albany Register*

A tribute of respect to the memory of Capt. JOHN HATHAWAY, late of Hudson.

Justice, that sacred balance round him play'd,  
O'er all his actions held imperial sway;  
His soul from generous pity never stray'd,  
Nor turn'd the needy, starving poor away.

His heart was form'd "to feel another's woe,"  
Amidst the tide of grief, when sorrows flow!  
True friendship for his country fill'd his mind;  
High mov'd his charity for all mankind!

Above the scenes of mortal bliss below,  
Winged with light his faith was wont to go,  
And grasp in arms of love, the human race,  
Young trophies of a mighty Saviour's grace.

*By a Friend.*

#### THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

Maiden!—whose mirthful glances speak

Youth's fulness of delight

The opening rose upon whose cheek,

Is delicately bright,

As the spring flowers thy hand hath wove

Thy sunny locks among,

All radiant in the light of love,—

Forsake the festal throng,

Draw near and bow thy graceful head,

To gaze upon the youthful dead.

See! on her pale and placid brow,

Parts the dark wavy hair;

Upon her breast her hands of snow

Are clasped, as if in prayer;

And yet there lingers on her face,

Like moonlight on the wave,

Shedding o'er all a tender grace,

The angel smile she gave,

When from this pale but lovely clay

The sainted spirit passed away.

Maiden! what recks that spirit now,

How fair its earthly shrine;

That its frail dwelling place below

Was beautiful as thine?

These faded charms but yesterday

Like thine resplendent shone;

A few short hours, and wan decay

May feed upon thy own.

Yet shudder not; think'st thou that she

Would now exchange her lot with thee?

No! she must chill and tasteless deem

The cup of earthly joy;

For she has tasted of the stream

Of bliss without alloy.  
Youth its gay visions may unfold  
Before thy dazzled eye —  
Its brightest dreams are dark and cold,  
To that reality,  
Which mortal fancy cannot paint,  
The bliss of the ascended saint !

Devote not all the world's vain shrine,  
Maiden ! thy youthful heart :  
But give thy love to things divine,  
Immortal as thou art !  
Then, if thy hope, thy treasure be  
Beyond the changing skies,  
The opening grave shall seem to thee  
The gate of Paradise,  
And death will be the angel sent  
To call thee home from banishment.

*Christian Examiner.*

*To Correspondents.*

"Jerome" is received, and shall be attended to next week.

### Married,

In this town, on Sunday, 29th ult. by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Moses Hall, to Nancy Proffitt.

On Monday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Edes, Mr. Collier Wood, formerly of Grafton, Mass. to Miss Elizabeth Wood, of Middlebury, Mass.

On Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Manchester, Mr. Cyril Knight, to Miss Margaret G. Mumford, both of Smithfield.

In Pawtucket, Mr. Shubael Y. Bezen, to Miss Ann Sweetland, both of that place.

### Died,

In this town, on Saturday morning, Thomas, youngest son of Mr. Thomas Fenner, Jr. aged 1 year 2 months and 14 days.

### ORTHODOXY UNMASKED.

A Sermon, on Jeremiah x. 21, by Rev. Hosea Ballou : in which some notice is taken of *Professor Stuart's Election Sermon* at Boston. Price 12 1-2 cts.

Also, A Dialogue between a Parent and Child, on the 25th chapter of the Gospel by St. Mathew.—Price 6 cents. For sale at 110 1-2 Westminster Street.

Aug. 4.

### WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

As an apprentice to the Printing Business, a lad from 14 to 15 years of age, who can read with tolerable facility. Such an one will find a good situation by making immediate application to J. S. GREENE, at No 7, North Main-street, 3d story.

July 28.

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A few sets of the 1st and 2d volumes, bound, may be had on application at this office, or to S. W. Wheeler, 110 1-2 Westminster-street.

### JUST PUBLISHED,

A SERMON, on the Perdition of Judas, by Nathanael Emmons, D. D. of Franklin, Mass. and a REVIEW of the same, by Rev. David Pickering, of Providence, R. I.!

Price, 30 cents single—or 25 cents to those who buy to sell again.

CRANSTON & MARSHALL.

July 7, 1827.

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The Office of the Publishers, is Removed to No. —, North Main-street, 3d story, over Smith & Dike, and directly opposite Cranston & Marshall's Printing Office.

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### JUST PUBLISHED

And for sale by SAMUEL W. WHEELER, No. 110 1-2, Westminster-street, a new edition of six Discourses, on Universal Damnation, (or condemnation) and salvation, clearly proved by the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, by a venerable Clergyman of Connecticut, of the Episcopal Church.

To which are added a few observations by a Layman. This work is earnestly recommended to all that desire to know the will of God, as revealed in the scriptures in relation to our future welfare.

The present Editor, being confident in his own mind that the majority of the Christian World, have long remained in error on this most important subject.

### JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale, at 110 1-2 Westminster-st. A Candid Review of Ten Letters, containing reasons for not embracing the doctrine of Universal Salvation, by Rev. Joel Hawes, of Hartford, Con.—to which is added, Thirteen friendly Letters to a candidate for the ministry, by Russell Canfield, Editor and proprietor of the Religious Inquirer.

### LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Just received, and for sale at 110 1-2, Westminster-street, a work entitled "The Light of Truth and Pleasure of Light."

### PROSPECTUS

OF THE

GENIUS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

NEW SERIES.

The publication of this paper commenced on the Fourth of July 1821, and was issued, in monthly numbers, during the period of four years. Since then, it has been published weekly. It is printed on a fine medium sheet, and folded in quarto form, so as to render it convenient for binding. It circulates in nearly every State and Territory of this Republic, and somewhat abroad: but its principal supporters are the citizens of our southern and western slave-holding states.

It has ever been the object of the editor to make this work an active instrument in exposing the evils and dangers of the slave-holding system in America, and in devising means for its annihilation. To this subject it has ever been, and will continue to be, principally devoted. A condensed statement of the most important news, domestic and foreign, is given in each number: and a portion of the paper is also reserved for literary and miscellaneous articles.

On the Fourth of July next, a new volume will commence; and the work then be enlarged and presented in a more neat and elegant dress. As it is the intention of the editor to spare no pains to render it interesting to its patrons, the friends of the cause which it advocates are looked to, with confidence, for a liberal support.

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BENJAMIN LUNDY, Editor.

South-East corner of Market and Gay Streets, Baltimore.

June 23d, 1827.

Editors, who may please to insert the above, will entitle themselves to a reciprocity of the favor.

Subscriptions received at this Office.